

# Paris, Brutal

(Paris)

Paris is my name, I flows with ease  
Cash checks, breaks necks and wrecks MC's  
who ain't down with the sound of the Panther Movement  
Intense is a serious answer  
The mic goes into labor you freeze up  
Enveloped by the style that sounds so ROUGH  
Rehearsal weak verses potent as cyanide  
A million and a half shot keepin you high  
But I don't sell cause what you're sellin is never sold  
or dealt by the REAL mack brothers of old  
Naw, I just devise a wise new formula  
to keep you in tune without sellin my soul  
In 1930, it all began  
with a movement comprised of intelligent black men  
Led by Allah in the form of Farad  
but later by the last true prophet of God  
Elijah, Muhammad, a dominant black leader  
of The Lost/Found Asiatic Pack  
And later by Malcolm, whose point was straight  
Stressing a black nationalistic state  
of self-sufficiency on a mission he  
stressed thrift and pride and good sense  
Killed in cold blood but the shit ain't done with  
Switch to Oaktown, '66  
See Huey Newton, and Cleveland Seale  
Sons of Malcolm with intent to kill  
and end the brutality inflicted on us by cops  
Best believe I won't stop  
teachin science in step with Farrakhan  
Drop a dope bomb, word to Islam  
Keeps my brothers up on it cause I'm black  
and now you know, I'm BRUTAL

{\*explosion\*}

Callin all brothers to order, P-Dog'll slaughter  
stomp rip and choke those who thought a  
young black man wasn't capable of the intellect  
of gainin respect, without sellin so CHECK  
I'm Paris, six feet two, deadly as ice  
but twice as nice with, the power to fight boy  
So listen I'm tellin y'all, the warnin the Final Call  
We're headin, for Armageddeon, it's like that  
The government's policy see is tactical genocide  
How many must die, chasin a chemical high?  
How much, killin and murderin mayhem more can we stand  
before we fold black man, so take a stand  
Listen up drug dealer - whassup with that?  
Hope I don't bust a cap, straight in your MOTHERFUCKIN ass  
For pushin poison to youth, I'm through with talkin I'm steppin up  
with gat point blank at your motherfuckin mug  
I'm, P-R-O, B-L-A-C-K  
Stompin and crushin to mush, any lush, in my way  
I'm educated and strong, always right and no wrong  
with many bullets of a Bensonhurst, come on along  
It's like that y'all, and I won't QUIT  
Keepin y'all fresh on the movement tip  
With F.O.I. at my side, we're never slippin or nap  
We always come sick-wid-it, bustin serious caps  
There's no, bullshit, and yo look, this is the danger zone  
You shouldn't have stepped to it, you shouldn't have come alone  
You shouldn't have ever thought, the movement was soft  
Don't you know P-Dog'll never stop

I'm BRUTAL!